

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE HUNTER!



A
eronika Martenova Charles

Illustrated by David Parkins





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HUNTER!

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Illustrated by David Parkins



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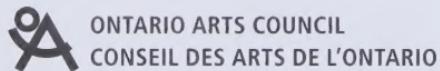
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HALLOWEEN COSTUME

PART 1

“It’s Halloween next week,”

said Jake.

“I’m going to dress like a robot.

What are you going to wear?”

Jake asked Ben and Lily.

“I have a Dracula costume.

It comes with huge teeth

with bloody paint,” said Ben.

Lily said, “I’m going as

Little Red Riding Hood.”



“Bad idea,” said Ben.

“Why?” asked Lily.

“You’ll get eaten by the wolf,”

said Ben, “like in the story.

You’ll need a hunter to save you.”



“Huh? What hunter?”

asked Lily.

“That’s not how the story goes.

Little Red Riding Hood

is saved by her magic red cape,”

she explained.

“You’re thinking of Superman.

He wears a magic red cape,”

said Jake.

“But Superman’s cape

doesn’t have a hood.

That’s different,” said Lily.

“It’s the hood that saves

Little Red Riding Hood.”

“How?” asked Jake and Ben.

“Let me tell you how,” said Lily.





LITTLE RED HOOD

(*Red Riding Hood from France*)

There was once a girl named Adele.

People called her Little Red Hood
because she always wore a red cape
that her grandma gave her.

“I made this with rays of sun,”

Grandmother told Adele.

“It will keep you safe.”



One Sunday, Adele's mother said,
"Take this cake to your grandma.
See how she is and then come back.
Don't talk to strangers on the way!"
Adele promised, and off she went.



Grandmother's village was on
the other side of the woods.

The day was hot and the shade
under the trees was cool.

Adele sat down and fell asleep.

She dreamed someone was calling.

She awoke, and there,
standing close and watching her,
was a wolf.

At first Adele was frightened,
and she could hardly breathe.
But then the wolf smiled.



“Good afternoon, my dear,”

the wolf said.

“I hope you had a nice nap.

What are you doing here?”

“I’m on my way to Grandma’s,”

Adele told him.

“I see,” said the wolf.

“Where does your grandma live?”

he asked.

“She lives in the first house

in the village on the other side

of the woods,” Adele told him.



“Well,” said the wolf,
“I can tell you a much shorter way
to get there.” But he told her
a way that was much longer.
Adele thanked him
and went the way he said.



Then the wolf ran
straight to Grandma's house.
He pushed the door open,
but there was no one was inside.
Grandma had risen early
to sell fruit at the market.

The wolf closed the curtains,
put on Grandma's clothes,
and lay down in her bed.

At last, Adele arrived at the door.

Knock, knock!

"Who's there?" asked the wolf.

"It's me, Grandma! Adele."



“Come in, the door is open,”

said the wolf.

“I’m in bed. I’m not feeling well.”

Adele came in

and put the cake on the table.

Then, she sat down by the bed.



Adele looked at her Grandma.

“What very bright eyes you have!”

she said.

And the wolf said,

“All the better to see you with,
my dear.”

Adele looked again.

“Oh, what hairy ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with,
my dear,” the wolf replied.

“Oh, my, Grandma!” cried Adele.

“What huge teeth you have!”



“All the better to eat you with,
my dear!” And with that, the wolf
opened his jaws to swallow her.
Adele ducked her head, and the wolf
only caught her red hood.

“Ow-ooo!” the wolf howled.

The hood was burning hot
like the blazing sun.

The wolf jumped out of bed in pain.

Just then, Grandmother returned
from the market.



She opened her big, empty sack
and caught the wolf inside.

Then she tied the sack
and threw it down the deep well
by the house.

And that was the end of him.





“Well!” Grandma said to Adele,
“It’s good you wore your red cape.”
She shared the cake with Adele,
and then she took her home.
And Adele promised never to talk
to a stranger again.

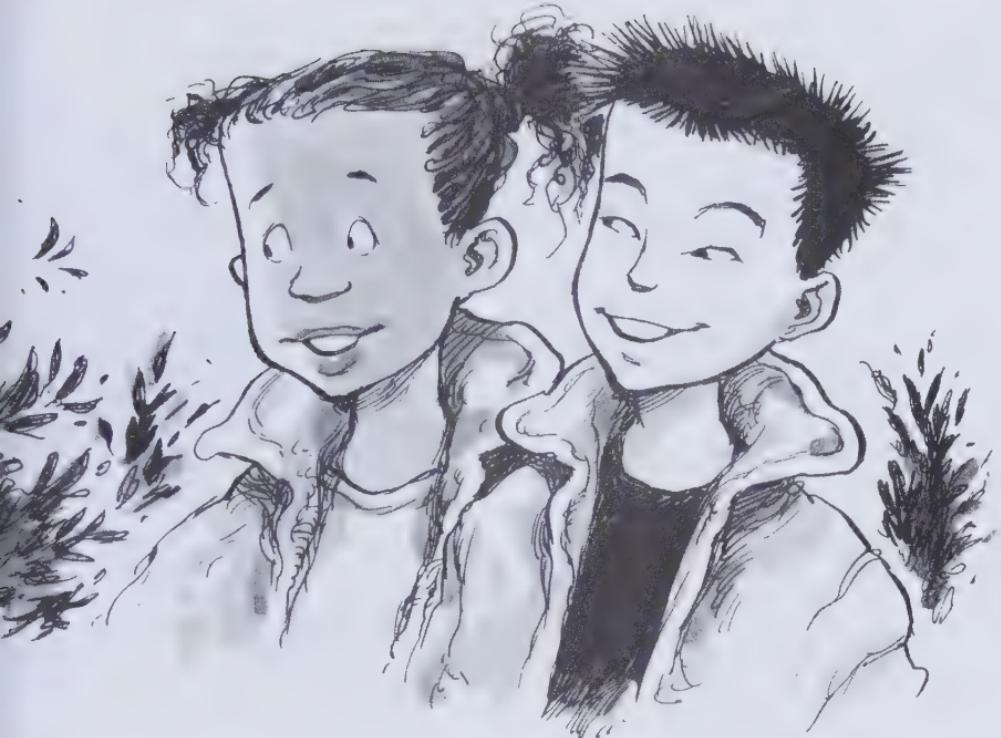




“I know a different story
about a big bad wolf who pretends
to be a grandmother,”

Jake told Ben and Lily.

“The girl in my story
doesn’t get eaten, either....



She gets away

because she tricks the wolf."

"How does she do that?"

asked Ben.

"I'll tell you," said Jake.



FALSE GRANDMOTHER

(*Red Riding Hood* from Italy)

“Please take this bread and milk
to your grandmother.

I hear she’s not feeling well.”
said Mother to Anouk.

“I packed some ring-shaped cakes
for you to eat along the way.”

Anouk set off.

She came to a river.

“River, will you let me pass?”
she asked.



“If you give me your
ring-shaped cakes to play with,
I will,” the river answered.

Anouk tossed them into the water,
and the river let her pass.

Anouk came to the crossroads.

There she met a wolf.

“Where are you going?”

the wolf asked.

“I’m taking food to my grandma.

She is ill,” said Anouk.

“How will you get into the house

if your grandma is sick in bed?”

asked the wolf.





“Oh, that’s easy. I’ll stand
on the stone, pull the string,
and the door will open.”

“What road are you taking?
The Needles or the Pins Road?”
asked the wolf.
“The Needles Road,” Anouk said.
Then I will take the Pins Road,
thought the wolf, and he ran to
Anouk’s grandma’s house.





When he got there,
he stood up and pulled the string
with his teeth.

The door opened, the wolf went in,
and gobbled up Anouk's grandma.

He put on Grandma's nightie,
got in bed, and waited for Anouk.

He was planning to eat her next.
Soon the door opened.





“Hello, Grandma,” said Anouk.

“I brought you bread and milk.

What can I help you with?”

“I’m cold,” said the wolf.

“Come here with me

and warm me up.”



Anouk climbed onto the bed

beside her Grandmother.

She saw Grandma's hands.

“Oh, Grandmother, those long

fingers you have!”

“Good for holding you, my child.”

“Oh, Grandmother,
those big ears you have!”

“Good to hear you with,
my child!”

“Oh, Grandmother,
that big mouth you have!”

“Good to *eat* you with,
my child!”





“Oh, Grandmother,

I have to go to the toilet!”

“All right, but don’t be long,”

said the wolf. He tied a string

around Anouk’s foot

and let her go.

Outside, Anouk untied the string,

wrapped it around a bucket,

and ran home.

“Are you finished yet?”

called out the wolf.

When Anouk didn’t answer,

the wolf pulled on the string.

Only the bucket rolled inside.

The wolf jumped out of bed

and ran after Anouk.





Anouk ran fast,

and soon she reached the river.

“River, will you let me pass?”

she asked.

And the river answered,

“Of course, I’ll let you pass.

You gave me your cakes.”

The river parted its waters,
and Anouk ran to the other side.

When the wolf came to the river,
he jumped in to swim across
but was swept away by the waters.



From the riverbank,
Anouk thanked the river.
When she arrived home,
she told her mother everything.



“That reminds me of a story
I heard about a boy and a wolf,”
said Ben.

“But this wolf doesn’t go to
a grandmother’s house.

He comes to the boy’s house
and pretends to be the boy’s
grandmother.

“How does he get inside?”
asked Lily.

“I’ll tell you the story,” said Ben.



GRANDMOTHER WOLF

(*Red Riding Hood from China*)

“I must go to see your grandma,”
said Chen’s mother.

“I will be back tomorrow.

Remember to lock the door,
and don’t open it for anyone.”

A wolf lived nearby,
and he saw the mother leave.

That evening he came to the house
and knocked on the door.



“Who’s there?” asked Chen.

“My dear, this is your grandma,”
said the wolf.

“But Mother has gone to see you!”
said Chen.



“She has?” the wolf acted surprised.

“I did not see her on the way.

Let me in, now.”

But Chen said, “Grandma,

why is your voice so low?”

“I have a cold, my child,”

replied the wolf.

“It’s windy out here. Let me in.”

Chen lit a candle so he could see.

He opened the door and instantly,
the wolf blew out the light.

“Why did you do that?” asked Chen.

“Now it’s dark in here.”



The wolf didn't answer,
but he climbed into the bed.
“Your grandma is so tired.
Come and rest with me.”
Chen climbed into the bed,
and as he stretched
he touched the wolf's tail.



“Grandma, why does your foot have a brush on it?” Chen asked.

“I wrapped some strings around it to weave a basket for you,” the wolf answered.

Chen touched the wolf’s claws.

“Grandma, why are your nails so sharp?” he asked.

“I fell on the road, and thorns stuck in my hands,” the wolf said.





Chen didn't believe it.

Those didn't feel like thorns –

they felt like animal claws!

He thought fast.

“You must be hungry, Grandma.

Let me bring you some peanuts.

They're just outside the door,”

said Chen.

“Bring some,” the wolf agreed.

When Chen was outside,

he ran across the yard

to the kitchen and took a kettle

of boiling oil from the fire.

Then he climbed a tree with it.



Inside, the wolf waited and waited.

“What’s taking you so long?”

he called.

When there was no answer,

the wolf jumped out of bed

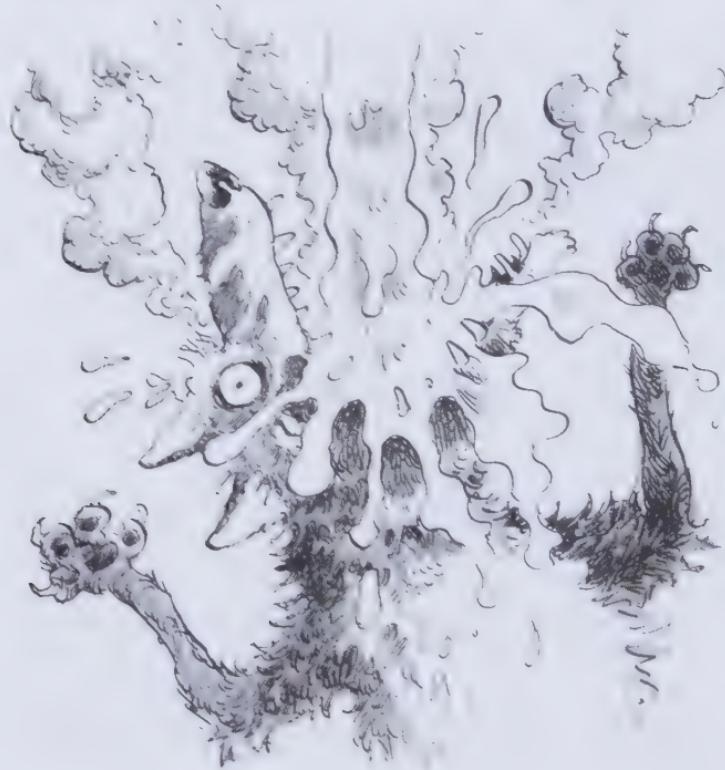
and went to search for the boy.





He looked all around,
until he found Chen in the tree.
“What are you doing up there?
Come down right now
and bring me the nuts!”
“I will throw them down to you,”
Chen said. “Stand under the tree.

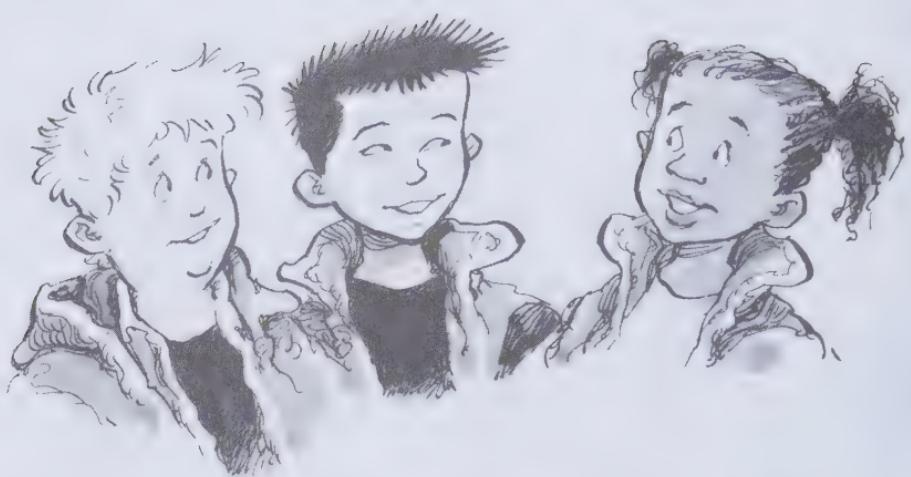
Now, close your eyes
and open your mouth!"
Chen told the wolf.
When the wolf opened his jaws,
Chen poured the boiling oil
down his throat, and the wolf died.





The next day, Mother returned, and
Chen told her all about the wolf
who pretended to be his grandma.





HALLOWEEN COSTUME PART 2

“I feel bad for the wolf.

He dies three times,” said Jake.

“But it’s always a different wolf,”
said Lily.

“Still, wolves aren’t bad.

They are like wild dogs.

The wolf was just hungry,
that’s all,” said Jake.



“Well, he shouldn’t eat
grandmothers and children,”
said Lily.

“That’s right,” said Ben.
“He should eat wolf food.

If you feel that sorry for wolves,
you could try to clear
their bad name," Ben suggested.

"I know what I'll do," said Jake.
"I'll get dressed like a wolf
for Halloween.

That's way better than a robot.





And I will carry a sign:

I'm not a bad wolf.

I'm just a very hungry one.

Please feed me lots of candies!"

"Good idea!" said Ben and Lily.



ABOUT THE STORIES

The *Little Red Hood* story is inspired by *The True History of Little Golden Hood*, written by Charles Marelle in 1888.

False Grandmother is based upon the earliest recorded versions of the *Little Red Riding Hood* tales that were found in Italy and France.

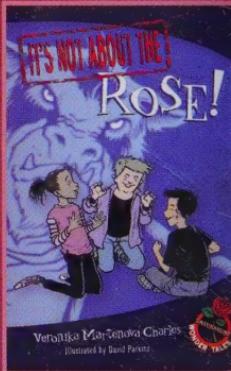
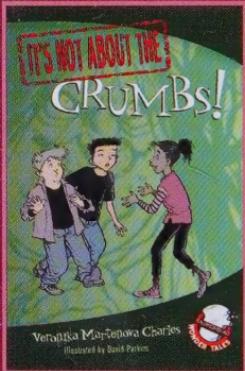
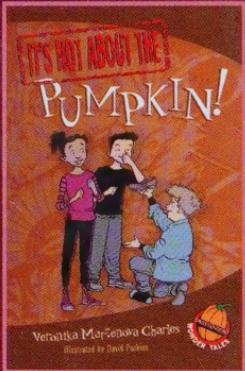
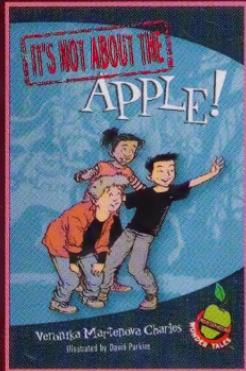
Grandmother Wolf has its roots in many versions of the Chinese tale, *Grandaunt Tiger*. It is often regarded as the Chinese *Little Red Riding Hood* because its plot is similar. In that story, a tiger pretends to be a human, although in some versions the animal is a wolf.

Do YOU know some other *Little Red Riding Hood* stories?



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